usual prescription.

Adam said he knew that if he handed her five dollars she'd go to McDonald's and have a coffee. Samantha slowly shook her towering beehive as if only she knew the full story, and it was complicated and very sad. She said, wearily, "No, Adam, I don't think so. I don't think so." Adam got her a sedative from her bottle in the filing cabinet and some water in a paper cup. He gave her a token from the House pouch. "Thank you, Adam," she said, at her politest. "But next time I want you to call the police immediately." Adam said he would if he thought it was necessary. Samantha wiggled her fingers at us from the doorway. I thought she was going to ask us to call her a cab, then she was off.

I told the manager that I thought just giving Samantha the five dollars, which after all was what she really wanted, would save "the system" a lot of money. Patricia said I obviously didn't know "the system" very well. "The system" had the bed either way. Putting up Samantha merely justified it.

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I'd just dispensed the six o'clock "meds." Karl always wanted his before supper at 4:30. He really wanted them earlier, before Gladys arrived at 4:00, but we wouldn't give them to her. We used to, but it confused Gladys. Gladys was easily confused. Without checking the "meds" sheets or even